

# From the National Intelligence. NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**ANNALS OF QUODLIBET, &c.**—We know not how to criticize even how to describe this book. Its object is political, its style satirical. We leave its readers to discover what its politics are, and who are the objects of its satire. There is much dry humor in many of its scenes, and the characters in general are well imagined and sustained. The political parties of the day, and their opinions, principles and conduct are often very admirably hit off. The author, whoever he is, understands his subject, and brings to the execution of it much talent, wit, and graphic power. We promise the reader many a quiet smile, and many a hearty laugh during his perusal, though we think that the machinery of the book is too complex, the narrative, at times, a little prosy, and the wit not always very evident.

We extract the following account of the speech of Theodore Fog, Attorney at law, and independent candidate for the Legislature:

Theodore Fog is a figure about six feet lean and bony, and with a stoop which inclines a little to the right so as to bring his left shoulder nearer to the ear than his right. His arms are unusually long, his head small, his face strongly furrowed with deep lines, his eyes of a greenish lustre, his nose decidedly of the pug species, his mouth large, his complexion of that sallow, drab-headed parchment hue that equally defies the war of the elements and the ravages of alcohol. Although short of fifty years of age, his hair is gray, and spreads in a thick mat over his whole cranium. At no time of life has he been careful of dress, but now has declined into an extreme of negligence in this particular. On the present occasion he wore a striped gingham coat, rather short in the sleeves, and cross-barred pantaloons; his shirt collar was turned down over a narrow, horse-hair stock, and a broad black riband guard crossed his breast, and terminated in the right pocket of a black bombast waistcoat, wherein it was plainly to be seen, from the external impression, lodged a large watch. He presented himself to the multitude, holding in his hand a rather shabby straw hat, which he nevertheless, flourished with the air and grace of one who had known better days than his habiliments seemed to denote.

He stood for some time bowing and waving his hat in return for the clamorous approbation with which he was greeted; and when, at length, silence was restored, he began his speech:

"Countrymen and Friends, you of Quodlibet, Bickerbray, Tumbledown, and the adjacent parishes, hear me! I am an old, tried and trusty, unflinching and unflinching Quodlibetarian, New Light Democrat—Flan Sucker, bring us a tumbler of water—tangle it, Flan—no hypocrisy in me, gentlemen, I go for the ardent. You all know I am, and was from the first, opposed to the iron railing—(here arose a cheer from the Anties)—but I don't come to talk to you about that. You know moreover, that I am a non-nomination man—I'm out on independent grounds—every man for himself, as the jacksass said to the chickens—(a loud laugh.) I want to say a word about Agamemnon Flag—commonly called Ag. Flng. Who's he? Look at them gold spectacles and you will see what he is at once. When the plastic hand of Dame Nature set about the fabrication of that masterpiece of human mechanism, a genuine out-and-out thorough stitched New Light Democrat, she never thought of sticking upon him a nose to be ridden by two gold rings hung over it like a pair of saddle bags—(loud laughter.) We have other use for our gold—we want it for mint drops—old Tom Benton's mint drops—to be run up into them to give the honest, poor man something better, when his week's work is done, than Copper-plate Bank rags, signed Nicodemus Handy—(loud shouts and cheers from Flan Sucker's squad and the Tumbledowns, and groans and hisses from the Convention men and Bickerbrays.) Friends, I tell you, our party is split, emphatically split. I have seen this coming for some time. We have three sets of New Lights amongst us. We have the Mandarins, our big bugs, and I could name them to you. You will find them on Copperplate Ridge—(Bahl Bahl! from the New Light Club—Go it, The go it, old fellow! from the Anties.) You will find them at Popular Flats—(That won't do! cried fifty voices—three cheers for the Hon. Middleton Flum!—loud cheering for Flum—Walk into them, Fog! from the Anties—great laughter and rubbing of the hands amongst the Whigs.) You will find them in the Forwarding and Commission Line—(great uproar on all sides.) After the Mandarins, come the Middlings, and after the Middlings, the true Grits—the hearty, whole souled, no mistake Quods. I am a True Grit! (Great applause.) We are Nature's noblemen—Royal Family of the Sovereign People—(renewed laughter and applause.) I am no kid glove. Mandarins, Democrats, I am no milk and water, flesh and fowl, half hawk half buzzard—Middling Democrat, I am, to all intents and purposes, totes quodles in puris mirabilibus, a True Grit, a whole True Grit, and nothing but a True Grit. (Here Theodore was obliged to pause a full minute on account of the cheering.)

"Now this brings me," he continued, after drinking off the potion which Flan Sucker had audaciously placed upon the stand for his use, "to Andy Grant. Andy Grant has told you a great deal about Gen. Jackson's pledges, and his changes, and what not. Well, sir, he did change, what of it? Is democracy like the laws of the Medes and Persians? Is that great sublime truth which vivifies the patriot's heart, rescues him from ambition and sparks in the human breast, like a stone in the bottom of a well for toads to sit on, or is it the divine rainbow spanning the earth with its arch, and changing with the sun, now in the east, now in the west? It is a post set up in a stream for the liquid element of human policy forever to roll by and leave behind? Or is it the mighty mass of steam power that not only floats upon that element, but flies onward across the great ocean of mortal things forever changing in its career? Is not democracy itself the march of intellect and does not unchanging consist in change of place? I hear you all answer, with one accord, Ay, ay, ay! (Taking the word from the orator, there was a loud affirmative response to these questions.)

Well, then, Jackson did change. He was for the single term, he was against it! I confess the fact. He was for the protective system, he was against it! I agree to it. He was for a National Bank, he was against it! what of that? He was for the distribution of the surplus, and again he was against it! I know it. He was for internal improvements, he changed his mind, he was against them. Then again, sir, he was against the interference of officers in the elections, he was for it, and took the other tack. He was against the appointment of members of Congress, in the city, in practice he was for it. He was against this Sub-Treasury, and perhaps he is now for it. It is all true as Andy Grant has told you, it is in the documents, I don't deny it. Sirs, it is the glory of his character that he has been for and against every thing, and as Mr. Van Buren promises to follow in his footsteps, he, of course, will be for and against every thing, I know him. He would not be a genuine New Light if he were not. We

are all (and here Fog raised his voice to the highest key, and struck the board sharply with his hand) for and against every thing! How else can we be with the majority? What is the New Light, Quodlibetarian Democracy, but a swift conformity to the will of the majority? Against that and that only we never go! (tremendous applause.) As Levi Boardley said, Parish Comptroller, Parish Credit and I say Parish Currency, Banks, Sub-Treasury, Constitution, Law, Bonny Amos Van, I had almost said parish Old Hickory, but always go with the majority!"

After this burst, which may be said to be truly eloquent, Theodore made a very happy hit in touching upon the natural hostility between the rich and poor, showing, with great point of remark, how impossible it was for these two classes to have any Christian feeling towards each other; and arguing from that the great New Light Democratic principle, that, in every department of the Government, any man who holds property ought to be deprived of all influence, and that it was the poor man's right to legislate away the rich man's possessions. "Do we not know," said he, "that in every community the majority are poor? that there are two men without property for one man with it? Of course, then, it follows logically that, as two heads are better than one, the sole rights as well as the sole power, of legislation is in the poor; and that they may make laws for the government of the rich but the rich cannot make laws for the government of the poor. Besides, who would be the most impartial in such a matter, the man legislating for his own property, or the man legislating for his neighbors? This requires no reply."

Upon the subject of the Sub-Treasury, Fog avowed boldly his non-committalism. "I am not sure, at this moment," said he, "how the land lies. I want to ascertain the sentiment of the majority, which, without taking sides, I rather incline to think, is against the measure. I judge from the vote of the New Lights two years ago, although I confess that two years are a long period for a New Light to look back, and that it is rather over the usual time in which custom requires we should change. I shall wait for events."

There were other subjects embraced in this speech upon which my memoranda are imperfect; but there was one part of it, towards the conclusion, which was very pathetic.

The orator turned to those strangers amongst us who had come over from the Bickerbray and Melpenney Railroad. "Gentlemen," said he, "you stand in a peculiar interesting relation to the New Lights." You are strangers, and, as the poet says,

"Stranger is a sacred name!  
Therefore, it is our wish to take you in.  
You have not been over sixty days in our State;  
You are separated, many of you, from your sweethearts—  
some of you from your wives; all of you from your homes; wife, sweetheart, home! Affecting words!

"Where is the man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said  
This is my own, my native land, and so forth."  
Do not despise, gentlemen—do not despair. The New Lights are your friends, and not only shall you find wife, sweetheart, home—ay, and children, in Quodlibet, but if you are here next month, we will see if some of you are not entitled to a vote—that's all. I have no doubt a large portion of your respectable body are better voters than you think you are. And at all events, if you are not, it becomes us as a Christian People to extend to you that privilege. I go for the repeal of all laws which tyrannically require a year's residence in the State before a stranger is allowed to vote."

"Hurrah for Fog—hurrah for Fog! burst forth in loud chorus from the new comers.  
"But," said Theodore in continuation; "as I scorn concealment, I must be frank with you. The stranger should be grateful to his friends; and I, therefore, for one, never can consent to extend the invaluable privilege of suffrage to an unworthy man. He must be a New Light, an ardent, unflinching Quodlibetarian Democrat, ready to go in whatever way we who take the trouble to do his thinking for him require—it is but reasonable. We think, study, burn the midnight lamp, and toil, when he sleeps, and all for the good of the man who has no time to do these things for himself—what is his duty in return? Why, to stand by us who made these sacrifices for his welfare—clearly—undoubtedly—incontrovertibly."

"Hurrah for Fog!" again rose in house reductions on the air.  
"And now, fellow-countrymen, one and all, men of Quodlibet, men of Bickerbray, and especially men of Old Tumbledown, long my house, and never absent from my heart. I have exposed to you frankly, freely, unhesitatingly, my principles and professions. You see me as I am, naked, guileless, and robust in the simplicity of my nature. Flan, another glass of that stuff, my boy. I do not initiate my friend Andy Grant, for he is my friend, I—no, we can differ in politics and break no scores! I do not, like him and the Whigs, entertain you with frothy declamation, appealing to your passions or your prejudices. I scorn such stratagems. No, I address myself solely and severely, to you, without a flower, provocatively, without a figure, soberly, without a flight, to your cool temperate, and unadorned capacity of logical deduction. Yes, gentlemen, I, a poor man, do battle against the hosts of the rich. I, the friend of honest labor, struggle against the huge monopoly of hoarded wealth, hoarded by gilding the faces of our starving, but destitute laboring men, alone, I strive against these banded powers, will you desert me in the strife?"

"Never!" cried Flan Sucker, and Ben Inky, and six more of Fog's principal men, "Never, never!"  
"Then I am content, Come welcome you, here is a heart that will never, or rather gentlemen, let me say in the words of the poet, [it now became quite obvious that Theodore was beginning to be very obviously affected by the frequent refreshment which Flan Sucker had administered during his speech:]  
"Come one come all, this rock shall fly  
From his firm base as soon as I!"

"In conclusion, all I have to say in this: we are about to part. When you go to your homes, and with hearts enraptured by all a father's and a husband's feelings, you take your seats beside the old family fireside, and with the partners of your bosom getting supper, and interesting progeny clustering on your knees, in the midst of all these blessings pause to ask yourselves, what are they? Your hearts will answer, they are our country! How then, you will inquire, is that country to be preserved, has a rich inheritance to those cherubs who by this time, have climbed as high as your waistcoat pockets, into which they have, with the natural instinct of New Lights, thrust their little fingers. The response will be ready, Go to the polls in October, go, determined to sustain the everlasting principles of the New Light, Quodlibetarian Democracy, go, with a firm resolve to suppress no Mandarin, no Middling, but to sustain an unadulterated True Grit, go, to vote for Theodore Fog, and your country shall be forever great, prosperous, and happy."

Marrying a woman because she is pretty, is like eating a bird for its singing.

# Arrival of the Britannia. TWELVE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The steam ship Britannia, Captain Judkins, arrived at Boston on Tuesday morning, 3d inst., from Liverpool, bringing London and Liverpool papers to the 20th Oct. inclusive.

The Britannia arrived at Liverpool on the 14th ult., and the British Queen from New York arrived off Cowes on the morning of the 17th of October. The Britannia brought 66 passengers from Liverpool for Halifax and Boston, and 11 from Halifax to Boston.

There is no later intelligence from China. The news on the affairs of the East, is of great interest, as they appeared to be at the very crisis. It was extremely doubtful what turn affairs would take, and opinions and reports were very contradictory. The allies had evacuated Beirut, because it was not in a state to be defended in case of attack, but were in possession of a large number of places in Syria, viz: Said, Jaffa, D'Jouai, D'Jebail, Kaifia, and Tripoli.

Berut, Oct. 5.—A proof of the avowed feelings of our government towards France, and of its conviction that a war with that power is not at present probable, may be found in the fact that it has allowed the exportation of the horses (30,000 it is said) purchased in this kingdom for France; 3000 of these horses have already passed the frontier, and many thousands more were expected.

From the Correspondent of the London Chronicle, October 19.

**GREAT FIRE AT MANCHESTER.**  
I left Manchester by the mail train last night, and at that time, and for two hours previous, a most calamitous and dreadful fire was raging amongst the ware-houses situated in Half moon street, contiguous to Market st.—Thousands of people were thronging to the spot; and business, although it was Saturday evening, seemed to be at a stand. Market street and the adjoining neighborhood was literally lighted up with the bright red glare of the flames; large piles of burnt cotton were lying in the street, carried away by the wind; and some I saw fall into the infernal round in Piccadilly. The warehouses on fire belonged to Mr. Shawcross, Mr. Street, Messrs. Eastings & Co., &c., and as the streets in that locality are very narrow, the probability is that the whole stock of warehouses would inevitably be laid in ruins.

Seven fire engines belonging to the Manchester police, with two from Salford, were promptly on the spot, but from the extreme narrowness of the passage, no man could stand between the burning pile and the opposite warehouses without being dreadfully scorched. The large paper warehouse of Cartwright, Walsh & Co., and the firm of Godier, Krauss & Co., are in imminent danger. The cracking of the timber, the falling of the beams and side walls, the large volumes of flame and smoke which kept issuing from the mass of buildings, gave fearful token of its destructive and awful consequences.

The ceremony of the abication of the King took place Oct. 8, at the Chateau de Lou, with great solemnity, in the presence of the prince of Orange, now William II., the other members of the Family, the Great Functionaries of State, &c.

Spain.—The accounts from Madrid, which are to the 7th, lead us to suppose that the new Cabinet nominated by Espartero satisfies the people for the present, and therefore that the recent struggle may be considered as terminated.

Portugal.—Lisbon dates, Oct. 12, mention the confinement of the Queen, and alarm for her health. The funeral of the "Infanta Donna Maria" (the deceased child having been baptized under that name) took place with great pomp at San Vincente de Fora, on the 6th inst. which according to custom in similar cases, was kept as a gala day.

London, Oct. 18th.—In our Money market, to-day, there is less agitation than we have noticed during the last fortnight; and the effect of the late measure adopted by the Directors of the Bank of England, appears to work more upon men's minds than upon their pockets.

The Stock Market opened flat, but is now looking up again; Consols are 87½ for money; and for account, 87 3/4; New 3½ per cent, 95 3/8 to 95 1/2; Exchange Bills, 25 to 45 premium.

Four o'clock.—Consols, 87½ for Account Nov. 26, 87½.

**ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE KING OF THE FRENCH.**

PARIS, Oct. 15th.—A musket shot was fired at the king at 6 o'clock this evening, at the moment when his majesty was passing along the quay of the Tuilleries, on his return to St. Cloud. Neither the king nor any of the persons by whom he was accompanied were hurt.

The assassin was arrested. He avowed his crime. The name of the assassin is said to be Dumes, He is a Frenchman, and a native of Marseilles, but there was some doubt on that point. It would appear that his musket had been overloaded, for it burst, and wounded him in the shoulder.

It was rumored that the assassin was one of the advocates for war who are at present so much excited, and that by murdering the king he calculated on removing the only bar to the arrival of that calamity.

The funds fell of course at Tortosis in consequence of this attack, but as no further consequences were apprehended from it, they rallied. At the same time when the express left, the three per cents were 70½, 70c, with however, but little doing.

**AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.**

On the 5th of September, Mr. Thiers addressed a note to M. Guizot, the French Ambassador in London, stating officially, that Mehemet Ali had declared that he submitted himself to the will of his august master—that he accepted the hereditary possession of Egypt—and submitted himself, in regard to other territories actually in his occupation, entirely to the magnanimity of the Sultan.

Liverpool, Oct. 10.—The Levant mail, received by express, brings letters from Alexandria to the 27th of last month. The Consuls of Great Britain, Russia, Austria and Prussia, left Alexandria on the 23d, the day after communication had been received at Constantinople of the Sultan's deposition of Mehemet Ali. The Consuls were on board an Austrian steamer, which had brought the order from the Porte, that the English vessels were in a state of great alarm and manifested with Colonel Hodges on the suddenness of his departure without having given them any notice. He informed them he had no discretionary power; and that he could not allow the British flag to fly or the nation to be represented otherwise than by the Dutch Consul. The English were by no way satisfied, that the Dutch Consul would be able to protect their property or persons; and many of them had taken refuge on board the English ships.

The Pasha had declared, that notwithstanding the departure of the Consuls and the decree of deposition, he would not stir the Indian mails. He had given the officers of the Turkish fleet permission to leave Egypt, many of them had, consequently, gone on board the Asia.

The British naval force under Admiral Stopford now consists of thirteen line-of-battle ships, six frigates, two steam frigates, besides numerous smaller ships of war, and nine steam-vessels.

Letters from Constantinople of the 27th Sept. state that the news of the successful attack on Beirut was received there with universal rejoicing. Three thousand additional troops were immediately ordered to be despatched to the theatre of war.

The official organs of the French government gave, on Thursday, the following news from Syria and Egypt:—

The government has received this day, despatches brought to Marseilles by the last Levant packet, which left Alexandria, Sept. 23. It is not yet received those dated Oct. 3, and which arrived the day before yesterday at Toulon. Those of the 26th contain no new fact. They confirm what is known, and it is to be regretted that the Levant mail, that Mehemet Ali was re-established, and permitted to re-occupy his throne, and that he was known to be concentrating his forces, and that his plan was to sur-

round the Turkish camp formed at the north of Beyrout. The concealed fleet had cannonaded Sidon and Kaifia. The insurgents who had presented themselves at the Turkish camp were, according to the rumors in circulation at Alexandria, some few peasants at Kesranah; but the mountains were tranquil, and the Emir Beschir constant in his fidelity to the Viceroy. The Mussulmans, irritated at the attempts of the Christians, caused anxiety to the European merchants. It was said that they were every where disposed to raise in favor of Mehemet Ali. Important events were expected every moment. Such was the news which circulated on the 26th of September, at Alexandria. To-morrow, the day after to-morrow, the government will know the despatches of the 3d of October.

The morning Herald of the 17th says—  
We are informed that the noteholders unpublished, to which M. Thiers alludes in the postscript of the 8th to his memorandum of the 3d, is more pacific than the British Government had reason to expect.

It contains a protest against the supposed policy of Russia, but contains no protest against the proceedings of Great Britain.

It demands what will be the conduct of the British Government in the following cases:—  
1. What will the British Government do with regard to the deposition of Mehemet Ali, which has already been pronounced by the Porte?  
2. What will the British Government do with respect to the threatened attack on Alexandria, and the destruction of the Turkish fleet in the harbor of Alexandria?

3. What are the terms which the British Government proposes to accord to Mehemet Ali?

We further quoted Palmerston has answered the above queries in the following manner:—

1. With regard to the deposition of Mehemet Ali?—  
The determination of the British Government will depend on the extent of the resistance the Viceroy gives to the execution of the treaty.

2. With regard to the attack on Alexandria and the Turkish fleet?—  
The determination of the British Government will depend on the use made by Mehemet Ali of the Turkish fleet; and the warlike armament prepared in the report of Alexandria.

3. With regard to the nature of the terms to be granted to Mehemet Ali?

They will depend, in a great measure, on his readiness to accede to the treaty of the 15th of July.

Since the above was in type, a communication has reached us, upon which reliance can be placed, stating that orders have been sent to Lord Ponsonby and the other ambassadors of the powers, who are parties to the treaty of July 15, directing them to inform the Porte that their respective Governments acknowledge his perfect right to have proclaimed the deposition of Mehemet Ali, but they also intimate that they think and hope the Sultan will not refuse to return Egypt and a part of Syria to the Viceroy, provided he makes a ready submission to the conditions of the treaty of July, by causing his army to evacuate Syria, and by delivering up the Turkish fleet.

A letter from Alexandria, 3d inst., states that Mehemet Ali has issued a firman, declaring all the population of Syria exempt from military conscription, and all persons who will join Ibrahim's army exempt from tribute for the remainder of their lives. Admiral Stopford, it was thought, would return on Alexandria. The blockade was to commence on that day, and no further communication with Europe would be allowed. The French Consul has ordered all persons under his jurisdiction to be ready to embark at a moment's notice. This, it was thought, indicated the probability of a bombardment.

Proclamations are about to be issued, calling all true believers to arms. Egypt is fortified from Danietta to the Marabout, and 60,000 men are collected at Alexandria. It is stated with confidence that Mehemet Ali has sent orders to his son to march against Constantinople. Our agent at Beyrout is the only European who remained there; he is in general resides in the mountains, but has returned to the town to write us. His letter is dated Sept. 20. Soliman Pacha was still master of the town, upon which the English continued to fire occasionally. The small camp at Giza, three leagues from Beyrout, was still in the same state. The Egyptian troops surrounded it. Zaan is the only village which has taken up arms for the English, but Ibrahim Pacha has sent 12,000 to destroy them.

The London Sun of the 19th, says:—"On the Eastern Question we find little that is new in the Paris papers, save some correspondence of the 3d inst. from Alexandria, published in the Monitor. The allies were in possession of Said, Jaffa, D'Jouai, D'Jebail, Kaifia, and Tripoli; but Soliman Pacha had re-entered Beyrout, which they had declined to occupy, as they could not command the hills in the rear, whence the Egyptian army could at any time destroy the town. Acre had not been attacked, and was supposed capable of serious resistance."

After giving various comments of the French papers, the Sun adds:—"Upon the whole, the impression in Paris on Saturday was, that the question would be settled peacefully. Active negotiations were known to be carrying on between the Cabinets of France and England for arranging the basis of a final adjustment, and it is not unknown that a friendly majority of the greatest difficulties have disappeared."

**AN INTERESTING VOLUME.**

A volume of Letters by Mrs. ANAMS, the wife of John Adams has just been published in Boston, of which the editor of the Boston Daily Advertiser affords two or three specimens. They are edited by her grand son, CHARLES FRANCIS ANAMS, with a preface memoir. We have read them with that affectionate interest which pertains to such records of sympathies, the fears, and the hopes of the patriots who were chiefly instrumental in achieving the National Independence.—Mrs. Adams was the worthy companion of one among the first of those patriots in every vicissitude of his glorious career. This letter was written by her the day after the battle of Bunker's Hill. There is despondency in its tone, although at that period only the bravest trusted in the ultimate triumph of the American arms. It is addressed to her husband.

SUNDAY, June 18, 1775.

Dearest Friend: The day, perhaps the decisive day, is come on which the fate of America depends. My burning heart must find vent at my pen. I have just heard that our dear friend Dr. Warren, is no more, but fell gloriously fighting for his country: saying better to die honorably in the field than ignominiously hang upon the gallows. Great is our loss. He has distinguished himself in every engagement, by his courage and fortitude, by animating the soldiers and leading them on by his own example. A particular account of these dreadful, but I hope glorious, days will be transmitted to you, no doubt, in the exactest manner.

"The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, but the God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power to his people. Trust in him at all times, ye people, pour out your hearts before him. God is a refuge for us." Charlesowna is laid in ashes. The battle began about our entrenchments upon Bunker's Hill Saturday morning about three o'clock.

Sabbath afternoon.

It is expected that they will come out over the Neck to-night, and a dreadful battle must ensue. Almighty God, cover the heads of our countrymen, and be a shield to our dear friends! How many have fallen we know not. The constant roar of the cannon is so distressing, that we cannot eat, drink, or sleep. May we be supported and sus-

tained in the dreadful conflict! I shall tarry here till it is thought unsafe by my friends, and then I have secured myself a retreat at your brother's, who has kindly offered me a part of his house. I cannot compose myself to write at present, I will add more as I hear further.

Tuesday Afternoon.

I have been so much agitated that I have not been able to write since Sabbath day. When I say that ten thousand reports are passing, vague and uncertain as the wind, I believe I speak the truth. I am not able to give you any authentic account of last Saturday, but will not be destitute of intelligence. Col. Palmer has just sent me word that he has an opportunity of conveyance. Incorrect as this scrawl will be, it shall go. I ardently pray that you may be supported through the arduous task you have before you. I wish I could contradict the report of the Doctor's death: but it is a lamentable truth, and the tears of multitudes pay tribute to his memory: those favorite lines of Colins continually sound in my ears,

"How sleep the brave," &c.

I must close as the Deacon waits. I have not pretended to be particular with regard to what I have heard, because I know you will collect better intelligence. The spirits of the people are very good; the loss of Charlestown effects them no more than a drop of a bucket.

I am most sincerely yours."

Thus wrote Mrs. Adams at the commencement of the war. Here is a most beautiful letter to Mr. Adams, written on the day that he as Vice President was to count the electoral votes before Congress, and declare himself elected to the Presidency.

"The sun dressed in brightest beams  
To give thy honors to the day."

And may it prove an auspicious prelude to each ensuing season. You have this day to declare yourself head of a nation. "And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant ruler over the people. Give unto him an understanding heart, that he may know how to go out and how to come in before this great people: that he may discern between good and bad. For who is able to judge this thy so great a people?" were the words of a royal sovereign, and not less applicable to him who is invested with the Chief Magistracy of a nation, though he wear not a crown nor the robe of royalty.

My thoughts and my meditations are with you, though personally absent, and my petitions to Heaven are, that "the things which make for peace may not be hidden from your eyes." My feelings are not those of pride or ostentation upon this occasion. They are solemnized by a sense of the obligations, the important trusts, and numerous duties connected with it. That you may be enabled to discharge them with honor to yourself and with justice and impartiality to your country, and with satisfaction to this great people shall be the daily prayer of your

A. A.  
Our countrymen may be proud of it, for she who frankly uttered these sentiments has illustrated the brightest virtues of her sex.—Nat. Gaz.

**STATIONS.**  
Of the Preachers of the Missouri Annual Conference.

St. Louis District.—James M. Jamison, P. E. St. Louis city, Wesley Browning, James L. Forsythe, to labor at the African Church. St. Louis South, (To be supplied.) St. Louis Circuit, Thos. T. Ashby. Union, John Halpin. Merriam, Jas. L. Porter. Potosi, John Anderson. Selma, Levi P. Roland. Smith's creek, Henry K. Armitage. CAPE GIRARDEAU DISTRICT, Jacob Lavins, P. E. Cape Girardeau Circuit, James G. T. Dunlevy.

New Madrid, Melville Wiley. Bloomfield Mission, Nath. B. Peterson. Greenville, Edwin Robertson. Fredericton, Nelson Henry. St. Genevieve, Moses B. Evans. Ripley Mission, (To be supplied.) SPRINGFIELD DISTRICT, J. K. Lacey, P. E. Springfield Circuit, (One to be supplied) Silas Williams. White River Mission, (To be supplied.) Neosho, Jas. P. B. Wood. Sarcoux, Samuel G. Patterson. Spring River Mission, Reuben Aldridge. Ocella, Lorenzo Waugh. Niangua, Milton Glover. Waynesville, Elisha B. Headlee.

LEXINGTON DISTRICT—Jesse Greene, P. E. Boonville Circuit, Lester James. Boonville Circuit, Jno. F. Young. Versailles, George W. Love. Warsaw, Saul S. Colburn. Deep Water Mission, (To be supplied.) Independence, Constantine F. Dryden. Lexington, Thos. Wallace. Arrow Rock, Hugh L. Dodds. RICHMOND DISTRICT—W. W. Redman, P. E. Keytesville, Samuel Grove. Carrollton Mission, Philip B. Jones. Richmond Circuit, Thos. B. Rubble, (one to be supplied.) Plattsburg, Thos. Clanton. Platte, Wm. G. Caples, (one to be supplied.) Naudaway, John T. Peery. Gallatin, John Y. Porter. Chillicothe, Henry Blaisdell. Goshen Mission, Abraham Still. Bloomington, Abram Mitche.

COLUMBIA DISTRICT—William Patton, P. E. St. Charles, Silas Comfort. St. Charles College, John H. Fielding, President, Andrew Monroe, Agent. Auburn, John F. Gray. Bowling Green, Horatio N. Wilbur. Hannibal, John Glanville. Monticello, Martin L. Eads, Fletcher Wells. Shelbyville, John Monroe. Paris, John Thatcher. Fayette, Robert H. Jordan. Columbia, Boni R. Johnson. Fulton, Geo. Smith. Danville, John W. Dole. Warrenton, Geo. B. Bowman. INDIAN MISSION DISTRICT—Thos. Johnson, Superintendent. Shawnee, Learner B. Smeatler. Indian Manual Labor School, David Kinnear. Delaware, Edward T. Peery. Kickapoo, Jerome C. Berryman. Peoria and Potawatomie, Nath. M. Talbot, (one to be supplied.) Kansas, Wm. Johnson. Wm. M. Daily transferred to Indiana Conference.

Next Conference to be held at Palmyra, Marion Co. Mo. Oct. 6, 1841.

At the recent election in Georgia, it was decided by a vote of the people that the Legislature of the State shall hereafter meet once in two years.—The majority in favor of biennial sessions is over 30,000.

# TUL ACCIDENT.

The Steamboat PERSIAN collapsed a fine on Saturday, 7th inst. at 10 P. M., at Napoleon, killing five persons on the spot, viz:—David Green, first engineer; John Williams, 2d engineer; Oscar Brown, fireman, and two children, deck passengers, names unknown; scalded thirty-two others, viz:—Wash Marks, fireman, John Cover, 2d cook; John O'Brien, deck passenger and four persons in one family, deck passengers, names unknown.

Missing.—Samuel Hammond, Union Co. Ill.; Field Tennessee, and two others unknown.

Scalded.—Rev. H. Roach, Ky.; James Houghton, Tennessee; Geo. Smith, do; Charles O'Neal, Ireland; John Benvy, do. (badly); D. Benny, do. do; Sarah Burk, Germany (badly); O. Floyd, Yorkshire, do; Monroe Haylett, Missouri, do; William Flower, Ky. do; W. Chambers, do. do; William Narcissus, Ohio; N. O'Neal, New Orleans; Jacob Snyder, Illinois; J. C. Campbell, Mississippi; W. T. Evans, Ky. B. Fanel, do; Johanna Carroll, Illinois; Ann O'Bright, Yorkshire; N. B. Thompson, Tennessee; Wm. Megwater, Ohio; P. McDonald, D. C.; W. B. Ritter.

The Maid of Orleans went alongside of the Persian on Monday, 9th instant, at — A. M. Every attention was bestowed on the sufferers by Captain Goulee and officers, a majority of whom cannot survive. The Persian would be ready to proceed on her voyage on the 11th. Mr. Riley, clerk of the P., reported two additional deaths as the Maid pushed off.

ANOTHER!

From the (Apalachicola) Com. Gazette Extra, Oct. 28th.

LOSS OF THE STEAMER LE ROY.—SIX LIVES LOST.

The Steamboat SIREN, Captain Field, brings intelligence of the loss of the Le Roy, Washington South, master, and reports the melancholy news that six persons were killed, and several dangerously scalded, burnt or otherwise wounded. The accident occurred on Sunday last, about 2 o'clock, P. M., opposite Blount's Town, on this river.

The steamboat Le Roy was employed on the Brunswick line, in the conveyance of the mail, and passengers, between Chattahoochee and Iola, and in her last trip was coming from the first named place. She is represented to have been an old boat, but was considered safe. It appears that first her boilers exploded, and afterwards she caught fire and burnt down to the water's edge.—The wreck now lies opposite Blount's Town, to which place the wounded were conveyed.